## The Way of the Transgressor. (Copyright, 1896, by the Bacheller Syndicate.)

PART I.

Mr. J. Woodbury Newcomb had devoted his life to the science of criminology, and at the age of fifty years he was prepared to claim a leading place among experts in that important department of knowledge.

Returning to his native land, after a three years' tour abroad, Mr. Newcomb began at once to revisit the prisons which had been so interesting to him. He investigated once more the penal institutions of New England, completing the work in the spring of the year 1898. Passing to New York state, he devoted some days to the study of the prison at Sing Sing, and then he ran upon the adventure which forms

upon my uncle both at his city house and at his magnificent summer residence on Long Island. My plan was to take away the child and hold him for a moderate ransom, barely enough to give me the education which was necessary to fit me for a useful career in the world.

"After my uncle's refusal of my request, I made a considerable sudy of the situation. The family was then at the country house, and I took lodgings near by. I soon discovered that the task which I had set myself would prove extremely easy. For a large part of every evening the child was left practically unguarded. The room where he slept was high up in the house, but one of its windows could be reached by a series of ascents from one to another of the various portion. York state, he devoted some days to the study of the prison at Sing Sing, and then he ran upon the adventure which forms

the basis of this narrative.

In the afternoon of a pleasant day in May he boarded a train for New York at the Sing Sing station, and secured a seat in a parlor car. Passing to the smoking compartment, minutes after the train started, he found it occupied by three men, whose ap-



ile Found It Occupied by Three Men

pearance bespoke them pleasant companions on a journey. They were quietly dressed in clothes of a dark color, not fashionably designed as were those of Mr. Newcomb, but such as might be worn by well-to-do merchants from the interior of the state, on a visit to the metropolis. Their demeanor also favored the same hypothesis, for they exhibited the reticence and the caution regarding strangers which are characteristic of a certain grade of rusticity.

Mr. Newcomb's first advances in the direction of sociability were received somewhat coldly, and he was subjected to a close scrutiny, from which, however, he did not

"I have been in Sing Sing," said Mr. New-comb, smiling agreeably. "It is an excellent prison; the best that I was ever in." At this remark one of the men facing him took a dollar bill out of his waistcoat pocket and handed it to his neighbor with the muttered comment that it was a gift, and not a bet. The recipient of the money, respond-ing to Newcomb's courteous observation, said: "That's right. Sing Sing is a good jug, and the warden's a gentleman. I feel the same as you do about it. If I were to be

sent up again, I'd rather go there."

The criminologist was so surprised by this remark that, for a moment, he was unable to reply. His hesitation was viewed with-cut disfavor by his companions, who seemed to regard it only as an evidence of a cau-tious disposition. He who had addressed Newcomb spoke again, and manifestly with the kindest intentions. "It's ail right," he said. "We're all in the

sar | beat-out today and mighty glad of it, as you know without having to be told

"My friend," said Newcomb, mildly, "would you mind telling me why the gentleman on your right just paid you the sum of one dollar? Of course, if the matter is of rule, but I fancied that it had some con-nection with myseif."

"It did," said the other promptly. "I bet him a dollar that you'd just got out of the dow. The smoke whirled after me, driving

jug, and he took me up. Then you let out that you'd been in Sing Sing, and so he set-"Exactly," rejoined Newcomb, and he

smiled benignantly.

The criminologist perceived that the chance of his life had come. Instead of speaking to criminals through the bars of their cells, and in his character of the sinless friend of the sinful, he was to be re-ceived into their confidence, as one of themselves; initiated into their mysteries; re-galed with their stories told without reser-vation or motive for falsehood. The ad-

venture would be the climax of his life's work.
"I was a fool to make the bet," said the loser. "Anybody can see what you are— I mean anybody in the business. You're a confidence operator, that's the size of you, and I'll put up dollars to doughnuts that

few can touch you in your line."
"You flatter me," said Newcomb. "In return, let me introduce myself. My name is

Woodbury-John Woodbury."
"A good name," said one of the crooks, and the others nodded.
"I'm Jack Pinney," the criminal con-

tinued. "If you want to know any more about me, ask the police. The gentleman on my right is Bill Harris, better known than I am. On my left you will observe a tall, blond beauty who calls himself Frank Gleason. He is so smooth that he can slide up hill. He has been everywhere, speaks 100 languages, and cannot tell the truth in Following this introduction there was an

interval of silence, during which Newcomb earnestly regarded the interesting trio into whose society kind Providence had thrown Harris was rather short in stature and

had a tendency to corpulency, which even the carefully selected diet provided by the state had not wholly repressed. His face was firm, expressing the stolld pride of the cuccessful business man. It was clear that he was one who despised frivolity and put his trust in hard and conscientious toil. Pinney was dark and lean-a man full of nervous energy. He had the ready address ficial honesty which is so necessary to that

Gleason, as has been disclosed, was of the blond type. He had an air of cultivation and the manners of one who has moved in good society. Yet he was never the same man for many minutes consecutively, being totally destitute of sincerity. His bearing and even his countenance varied with the theme of his conversation; and he could

seem to be anything from a Malay pirate to your family paysician.
"Can't you tell us a story, Mr. Wood-bury?" said Pinney. "We've got time on our hands and this compartment to our-

selves. It seems to me that this crowd ought to spin some good yarns."

Nothing could have suited Newcomb better than this proposition. Stories were what he wanted, and he hastened to set the ball rolling by narrating an early ex-

perience which in certain companies he might have kept to himself. But there he felt no hesitation. Even should the story be repeated, no one would credit these men; and, in any case, the affair was so far in the past that it had taken on an impersonal character in his thoughts. "My first crime,"he began; and Gleason interrupted, crying out:

"Good! I always like to hear about a man's first offense."

The others coincided in this opinion, and Newcomb continued:

"My first crime possesses elements of nevelty which, I think, will interest you. At that time I was a young man of very high ideals and ambitions. I believed that it was my mission to benefit the race. In short, I wished to be a philanthropiat. But short. I wished to be a phlianthropist. But in order to fit myself for that calling, I felt that an education was necessary. My par-ents had been poor, and I had obtained very little schooling, though I had studied hard at every opportunity. I longed for a college training, and had a leaning toward theological studies.

"In this situation I applied to a wealthy who refused me cruelly. I could have borne his niggardliness toward me, but his total lack of sympathy with the cause to which I intended to devote my life shocked me unspeakably. I considered the matter thoroughly, and came to the conclusion that, for his own soul's sake, he should be forced to part with that small part of his giventia possession to the strength of the part of his gigantic possessions for the

good of mankind. "The way was easy. My uncle had a

a series of ascents from one to another of the roofs of the various portions of the structure. To descend with the boy would have been no difficult undertaking for so active a youth as I then was. I believed that I could stifle his cries by wrapping his head in some soft coverings taken from his little crib.

that I could stifie his cries by wrapping his head in some soft coverings taken from his little crib.

"In order to guard against discovery in case he should make an outcry, I chose a night when there was to be a great ball at the house. The place would ring with music, and with the various noises incident to the festivities, I believed that I could remove the boy, undetected, and take him to a fisherman's hut in the woods, where I would care for him most tenderly until such time as the ransom should be paid.

"At 10 o'clock of the night in question I stood beside the sleeping boy, and no one had seen me enter. With great dexterity I wound the soft coverings about his head, giving him air, but smothering his cries. Then I bore him to the window. Thus far I had not the smallest reason to suspect that my attempt had been discovered. What, then, was my surprise, when, of a sudden, the house was in an uproar. It was new at that sort of business then, and naturally didn't know just how to go to work. Of course, I might have walked into the office, and probably I could have the work on the books, and the safe was open. The money was in that safe. I had been thinking about that. It seemed to me thinking about that. It seemed to me thinking about that. It seemed to me thinking about that there ought to be some way to collect what Grayling owed me, according to my figuring. Probably I could get a few dollars extra, if I worked it right.

"I was new at that sort of business then, and naturally didn't know just how to go to work. Of course, I might have walked into the office, and probably I could have the work on the books, and the safe was open. The money was in that safe. I had been thinking about that. It seemed to me thinking about that. It seemed to me thinking about that there ought to be some way to collect what there ought to be some way to collect what there ought to be some way to collect what there ought to be some way to collect what there ought to be some way to collect what there ought to be some way to col and the hundred guests of my uncle were rushing out of the house to pursue me. "For a moment I stood by the window, spellbound, utterly at a loss to understand the situation. The most tremendous outery rose all around me; and, at last, in the midst of it I detected the horrible word

'Fire!' "Almost instantly a swirl of smoke rose up to where I stood. Turning, I rushed to the door, and into the hall. The frightened maid, who should have thought only of her charge in that moment of peril, was fleeing down the stairs. I looked down after her, and saw a sheet of flame sweep across her path. She dashed through it, her garments taking fire. It appeared that she escaped,



"For a moment I stood by the win-

of one dollar? Of course, if the matter is of a private nature, I will not venture to introde, but I fancied that it had some control another stairway. It was impassable "Nearly stifled, I rushed back to the win-

me to the roof. Then a part of the light fabric of the house, upon my left, blazed up. All was bright as day. Below me I saw many faces, and among them my uncle's, and the agenized countenance of his wife. She was on her knees. Her arms were extended toward the window of he child's room.
"In the sudden glare my own form stood

out clearly. Instantly a great shout arose.

Some called for ladders. Others cried to me
to descend, this way or that. I knew the
way well enough, and I climbed along the
roof with case. But at last the fire came
so near that I was forced to jump. It was only a little distance, but, hampered by my burden, which no danger would make me relinquish, I did not alight squarely upon my feet, and so I sustained a painful in-jury. But the child was wholly unharmed. The wrappings about his head had pre vented him from hishailing fire or smoke I placed him in his mother's arms and saw her tears fall upon his face.

"A trifling exercise of ingenuity enabled me to account for my presence. I said that I had been loftering in the grounds listen ing to the music. After receiving the com-mendations of all I made my way to my lodgings with great difficulty, for, when the excitement had in some degree left me my injuries asserted themselves. to my bed at once and summoned a physi-

"The next day my uncle called, as I knew he would. I had prepared myself for the interview, and had resolved to take no more of the bounty that his gratitude would offer than enough for my frugal needs at college.
"My uncle thanked me cordially, and pre

sented to me a silver watch which had long been an heirloom—so long, in fact, that it had ceased to have any value as a timeplece. In subsequent years I spent much money in the vain attempt to have it repaired.

"I was in bed four weeks, but by the great skill of my physician I escaped being a cripple. His bill was \$207, and as I had not the money, I referred the matter to my uncle, who advised me not to pay, on the ground that the charge was exorbitant. I did not take that view of it; I simply told the doctor that I had nothing. He then put the matter in the hands of an attorney

"Now, gentlemen, was it not clear that it was my uncle's duty to pay that bill? I thought so then, and have never seen reason to change my mind. I argued and pleaded with him, but he refused. There was but one way in which I could make him do his duty and save the reputation of our family. I secured one of his check blanks and drew a check for the sum, signing my uncle's name in a very careful and competent manner. The check, as I argued, would hardly be noticed in the bank account of a man so rich as my uncle was reputed to be. Yet, strangely enough, the check came back, not because of the signature, but because the account was al-

ready overdrawn. "The doctor's atterney made a great outcry about it, and that led to the discovery of the fact that my uncle's wealth was a bubble. It also burst that bubble. His credit was gone, and that was all that he had had to live upon in some years.

"Of course, he detected the forgery, but before he could get the machinery of jus-tice at work against me certain complications in his own affairs forced him to leave the country forever. My crime was never brought home to me; yet it seems to me that I was sufficiently punished by the loss of the college course which I should otherwise have had, and by the great trouble with that old silver watch.

"Such, gentlemen, is the story of my first crime, frankly told. I trust that you will respond in the same spirit, with plain, unvarnished narratives."

"You can rely on me for that," said Bill Harris, gazing at Newcomb with admiration. "I am only a second-rate liar, anyway, and have no business in the present company. However, I will tell a true story by and by, but I think that Frank Gleason had better follow cur friend Woodbury, if there is no objection."

PART II. To the imputation upon his veracity Frank Gleason retorted that the story which he was about to tell was strictly true. He added that a man who had led such a life as his did not need to invent stories of marvelous adventure. This proposition he proceeded to prove by sketching little boy-four years old-of whom he was said to be extremely fond. The child had never seen me, although I had often called "As to the little affair I'm going to tell

you about," he said at last, "it was not much to boast of, and the only reason why I like to tell the story is because it marks the cross roads of life with me, It was the first time that ever I went wrong, "It happened this way, Brother Woodbury," he continued, turning to the penologist. "I was brought up in a western town, and got a fair education in the schools and in a little academy that the schools and in a little academy that the schools and in a little academy that the schools and in a little money, and chanced to run across a man whom I had known at home. He had started with a little money, and had built it up to a fortune in New York, He seemed to be glad to meet some one from the old place, and was sympathetic when he learned that I was out of work and low in pocket. If I would call on him at his office the next day he would try to find me something to do. I went there, expecting to get a soft job, and what do you think he offered me? The position of night watchman in his furniture factory in Long Island City.

"From that moment I hated the man, and made up my mind to get square with him, I had used prevented me from taking the folb. It was worth \$10 a week. Think of that! Well, I went to work, and every week. I charged him, in my mind, with the

Island City.

"From that moment I hated the man, and made up my mind to get square with him, That was the only reason why I took the job. It was worth \$10 a week. Think of that! Well, I went to work, and every week I charged him, in my mind, with the amount that he ought to have paid me over and above what I got. He was going in debt to me pretty fast, although he didn't know it.

"Late one afternoon I went to the factory to begin my regular night's work. Gray-l'ng—that was his name—was in the office, ling—that was his name—was in the office, talking with his partner, Bob Stetson. The office was a little one-story building connected with the factory by a covered walk. I saw the two men through a window. They were talking across a big pile of money that lay on Grayling's desk. Presently I saw Grayling put the money in the safe, and then Stateon want away.

I had seen. Moreover, Grayling kept a loaded revolver quite handy in a drawer of his desk, as I had discovered while glancing over his papers one night after everybody had gone home.

"Perhaps I might have given up the job, but luck was in my favor. About 9 o'clock, as I was standing by the window of the office looking in, and thinking, a boy came along carrying a tin pail. He had his hand on the knob of the office door when I spoke to him.

to him.

"'What have you got there?' said I; and he told me it was coffee for Mr. Grayling.

"'He always has it sent over when he works late,' said he. 'It's to keep him awake, I suppose. I bring it around from the restaurant, just before we close up, and I put it on the gas stove in the back office so that it will keep hot.'

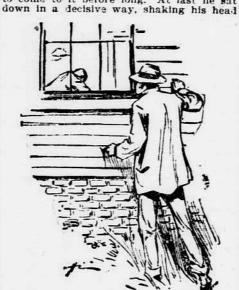
"That's a pretty good idea,' said I. 'Could you get another pailful for me?' 'Could you get another pailful for me?'
"He was willing; and after he had carried in Grayling's coffee, he trotted back to

the restaurant after mine. While he was gone, I ran around the corner to a drug store, where I bought some laudanum—for the toothache. Pretty soon the boy came back with my pall of coffee, and I paid him the price. When he had gone I dosed the coffee with laudanum very carefully, for I didn't want any accident to happen. That was why I got the second pailful. I was afraid that if I tried to dose Grayling's coffee while it was on the stove and he in the next room. I might get nervous and

of which I had the key, and I shifted the two pails without making a sound. Then I took his pall over to the factory, and put it in a warm piace in the boiler room, thinking that I might need it later, to brace my nerve. I waited half an hour by my watch—which appeared to be sound a good to be sound and the server and deserted me."

He pronounced these last words with good elocutionary effect, but they falled to impress Newcomb, who had too clearing in the character which Gleason had given himself in his introductory remarks. The criminologist made no verbal company to the server with the pronounced these last words with good elocutionary effect, but they falled to impress Newcomb, who had too clearing in the character which Gleason had given himself in his introductory remarks. watch—which appeared to be going a good deal slower than usual—and then I went into the passage that led to the office. I didn't dare to open the door at first, but I could see fairly well through the keyhole. It was not so convenient as the window; but I didn't like to be seen there too often, in case anybody should be passing.

"Grayling was drinking his coffee. There were two cupfuls. I was a-wishing that he wouldn't drink all of the last one; but he did. And while he was doing it, the passage where I stood got hotter and hotter till the sweat ran off my forehead. I thought that he would hear it dropping on the floor. "After he had drunk his coffee, he sat down before his desk, and presently his head fell forward into his hands. I thought he was gone, but he roused himself; got up, and began to pace the floor. I heard him mutter about being sleepy. When he passed his chair I could see him through the key-hole, and I saw that he hesitated every time. He wanted to sit down; he wanted to throw his head upon his hands on that desk and sleep and sleep. I knew just how he felt, and I knew, too, that he we to come to it before long. At last he sat



"I saw Grayling put the money in the safe."

and shrugging his shoulders. He was go ing to do some work. No more sleepiness for him. He picked up some papers and rattled them briskly. Then he began to crumple them in his fingers. His hands dropped upon the desk; his head dropped upon the desk; his head dropped lower and lower over them, and suddenly he was asleep. Or dead? I didn't dare to

"I had watched him so closely that it seemed as if the drug had worked upon both of us, steadily, evenly. My arms and legs were like lead. But my head seemed to be cool—cooler than usual. I could think of an enormous number of things in a sec-ond. Some of them were of a nature to frighten a man. But then there was the money; I never quite forgot that.

"Opening the door noiselessly, I entered the office and went to Grayling's side. He was sound asleep. I turned to the safe. The money was there in a little drawer. It was locked, but the key was in the lock. My hand was on the key when I heard a sound—a footstep. Some one was coming. I was panic-stricken. Instinctively I-sprang behind one of the big doors of the safe.
There I stood trembling, it seemed, a long
time. I knew that some one was in the
room, but how he had come or who he was

I could not guess.
"It was useless to stand there. Discovery was certain. There was no hope except in a bold and sudden dash. Drawing the revolver which I carried for protection while on my watch, I sprang out into the room. In that instant I was face to face with Stetson. It was his life or mine. I leveled the

"'Hands up!' I cried.
"'Gleason!' he screamed, starting back.
"'That's me,' said I, 'and I mean busi-

'In the name of heaven,' he cried hoarse ly, 'do not betray me. He drove me to it. With his infernal cunning he was dragging my share in our joint enterprise out of my hands. I had to kill him to save myself from ruin.'

"The back part of my mouth was so dry that it rustled when I tried to speak, and my brain was reeling, but I managed to gather sense enough to take the amazing tip that he had given me, and breath enough

upon the ground.
"Returning now to Stetson, you will

"Returning now to Stetson, you will readily perceive how he came to take the course he did. Being discovered by me beside the body of his victim—as he supposed—there was no recourse for him but confession. Yet he begged that I would have mercy and shield him.
"Well, now, do you know, Mr. Woodbury, I couldn't do it. Of course, it wasn't business. I might have been blackmailing him yet. But the fact is, that coming face to face so suddenly with a rascal worse than



"Gleason!" screamed, starting back.

ferce of contrast. "'I'm sorry for you, Mr. Stetson,' said I, 'but I can't shield a murderer. I must do

my duty."
"With that I threw open the window and called for help. It happened that there was a policeman on the corner. He came in response to my call and arrested Stetson, who was in a pitiable state of col-lapse. Then I got a doctor, who worked over Grayling until he brought him to his senses; but he said that a half hour more would have put the man beyond the reach of help. I don't believe it. In my opinion Grayling would have waked up all right; but naturally the doctor wanted as much

credit as possible.
"When the circumstances were explained "When the circumstances were explained to Grayling he was overcome with gratitude toward me for saving his life. Well, I had saved it, though he didn't know just how it had been done. He shook me warmly by the hand, and then, tottering over to the safe, he opened the drawer and gave me the roll of bills that I had planned to take. The bills were all ones—sixty-seven dollars in all Sunnose that I had killed dollars in all. Suppose that I had killed him for so little! It wasn't as much as he owed me, according to my calculation. But I never tried to get even. I was afraid of

the next room. I might get nervous and make a mistake.

"Having fixed the coffee all right, I silpped into the back room through a rear door of which I had the key, and I shifted the two pails without making a sound. Then I took his pail over the sound and described led me to think myself the especial favorite of Satan. As usual the tempter the pronounced these left.

ment, however, but contented himself with mentally adding gross and palpable hy-pocrisy to the list of Gleason's crimes. pocrisy to the list of Gleason's crimes.
"It is your turn now, Mr. Harris," he "What story will you give us. "The story of what we call in my profession 'An Inside Job,' " replied Harris

PART III. "I have always been a hard-working man," said William Harris, the safebreaker. "As a rule I've earned what I've got, though I haven't always got what I've earned. Many's the likely safe I've cut into to find nothing but a set of books with the balance all the wrong way. Yet there are men in my line who can't open a tomato can without finding it full of green money.

"This affair that I'm going to tell you about is one of the few really easy things that ever came my way. It was like finding money. Col. Bob Tracy, president of the Fairfield Granite Company—with offices in the Clyde building on Pine street near Broadway-had drawn \$109,000 out of a bank and put it into the company's safe for use early the next morning." All that my pal, Danny Walsh, and I had to do was to walk in and get it.
"I'd seen the colonel draw the money and put it into a little black bag. I had trailed

him to his office and had seen him put the bag with the money into the safe. from a window across the alley, had watch ed the safe all day. I had seen everybody leave the office, and had followed the cashier, Jim Wright, to the Grand Central depress. We had been a little afraid of Wright, because he sometimes came back to the office in the evening and stayed late. With him well out of the way there was nobody to trouble us, for the night watch-man of the building dozed in the lower hall and let things take care of themselves.
"We got into the building through the roof, and came down to the fourth floor, where the Granite Company's rooms were. It was about 10 o'clock in the evening, and there wasn't a sound in the big structure except the watchman's snores. We picked the lock of the outer door of the Fairfield Company's offices, and got through into the cashier's room all right. There stood the safe, and a good one it was. Danny, who was an expert in such matters, said that we'd have to blow it. That meant quick work and a hasty exit after the explosion, so we started to look over th ground to see how we could get away. There was a second door leading out of the cashler's office, and I opened it. In a mor-tal instant I found myself in a lighted room, with Col. Bob Tracy right in the middle of it, staring at me across a desk covered with papers. How he got there is a mystery to me, for I had seen him safely started for home. He must have come back while I was trailing the cashier.

"The colonel started up at sight of me, but he wasn't hair so much startled as I was. If it hadn't been for Danny's nerve the game would have been up right there, I couldn't have done anything. Bu Danny got by me, and just as the colonel opened his mouth to yell my pal stuffed a soft felt hat aimost down his throat. Tracy fell back it to a chair, and he found himself looking down the muzzle of Danny's revolver. As that spectacle seemed to be sufficiently quieting, Danny pulled his had out of the colonel's mouth and began to state the case.
"'Give us the combination of that safe,

says Danny. We know what's there and we're going to have it." 'My frient,' replied Col. Tracy, 'I 'Then you'll have to hold my hat again.' said Darky, 'and be tied up neck and heels while we blow the safe.'

"The colonel looked at the hat, and then he looked at my pal. Danny was grinning, which he never did unless he was really ugly, and when Danny was ugly it was positively sinful to fool with him. Col. Tracy seemed to grasp this fact in natural "'On second thought, I will give you the combination if I can find it. I cannot remember what it is, but I have it on a slip of paper somewhere in my desk.'

"The way in which he said this convinced us both. It is no uncommon thing for a man in his position to forget the combination of the safe, and to depend upon a memorandum. We let him sit down to the desk and hum. for the cilin of paper.

desk and hunt for the slip of paper.

"Now, the queer part of the case is just here. The colonel knew the combination perfectly well, and he also knew that he'd have to give it up eventually. He was only tip that he had given me, and breath enough to say: 'Sit down, Mr. Stetson, and try to be calm. I will hear your story.'

"It burst out of him like a torrent of fire. He told how Grayling had cheated him; had imposed upon his simplicity to make him."

have to give it up eventually. He was only playing for delay. As a matter of fact—of course, entirely unknown to us—he had of course, entirely unknown to

them, as I afterward learned, was coming in on a late train and going out on an early one; and that accounted for the unusual hour. The colonel knew that the men would surely come, and that they would be right on time. If he could hold

men would surely come, and that they would be right on time. If he could hold us so long, we were trapped.

"So he began to hunt through his desk very carefully, and slowly, for the scrap on which the combination was written. Every now and then his face would brighten up, and he'd seize upon a bit of paper. Then he'd say: 'Dear me, dear me; I was sure this was it; but it isn't. Now, where can it be?" And he'd adjust his glasses on the bridge of his nose, and beam upon us benevolently before proceeding with the search. I was completely taken in. I made up my mind that the colonel was a queer old crank, who had made up his mind that his hundred thousand was as good as gone, and was taking it mighty easy, being satisfied to save his skin. But Danny got impatient by and by, and he began to help the colonel hunt, ripping things out of the desk and throwing them on the floor. The colonel remonstrated with him in the politest possible style, but Danny never could stand politeness; he hadn't been brought up to it. So he told the colonel to find that memorandum in one minute or we'd tie him neck and heels, stuff a handkerchief down his throat, and then blow up the safe. The colonel asked to see the handkerchief, and Danny got out his old red bandanna, whereupon Tracy weakened and produced the memorandum. Then we all went out into the cashier's room, where the safe was.

"We had lost three-quarters of an hour

"We had lost three-quarters of an hour that way, and Danny wasted ten more minutes in impressing upon the colonel's mind the fact that he would get shot if he attempted to raise a result of the colonel's mind the fact that he would get shot if he attempted to raise a rumpus. Then Danny walked up to the safe with the memorandum in his hand; but before trying it he dum in his hand; but before trying it he gave a pull on the handle of the safe door, and, by the jumping Jupiter, the thing wasn't locked! The language that Danny threw off of his mind when he found that out would have bored a hole in an ordinary old-fashioned safe. The colonel read him quite a lecture about it; but Danny wasn't paying much attention to reform just then. He had opened the safe, and was studying the inner doors, which were the hardest and strongest that ever I saw in a safe of that size.

the safe was.

the hardest and strongest that ever I saw in a safe of that size.

"They opened by means of a key fitting into a slot in the center of a round knob like the combination knob on the outside. There's no picking such a lock as that, and the colonel said that he hadn't a key, but he thought that there was one in the cashier's desk. He'd rather we'd use it, he said, than break the safe. So we opened the cishier's desk, and the colonel found the key for us. Let me tell you the trick that he played right there. As a matter of that he played right there. As a matter of fact, he had a key in his pocket, and, of course, we'd have gone through him and got it, if he hadn't been so free about showing us where the other was. Now this key in the desk was cracked right across, afin the desk was cracked right across, at though the break didn't show, and the colonel, knowing that the lock worked rather hard, was in hopes that the key would break in it. If it did, we'd have to bore through the door, and that would take

Well, it happened just as he had planred. The key broke and the piece stuck in the lock, so that we couldn't pull it out. I never saw a man so mad as Danny was. But nothing could stop him then. He got out his drills and went to work like a steam engine. In a little less than an hour he



had those doors open, and he didn't use any explosive, either. I noticed that the colonel got a little nervous when he saw how well Danny was getting along; and at the last he kept looking at his watch and smoking

"It was twenty minutes to twelve when the doors swung open. There was the little black bag, and I saw the colonel look at it as a schoolboy looks at an apple when a bigger boy has snatched it away from him. Danny put his big hand on the bag and the safe. It was locked. "It was twenty minutes to twelve when pulled it out of the safe. It was locked, tut he wrenched it open.
"'Empty!' he croaked; and he was too hard hit to swear.

"Col. Tracy came up out of his chair as if Danny had exploded his whole safeblowing outfit under it. He forgot entirely that I was covering him with a gun, and had promised over and over again to shoot him if he moved. All he thought about was that bag. He grabbed it out of Danny's hands, and pretty nearly turned the thing inside out. Then he dropped it on the floor and looked blankly from one to the other

"Well, it didn't take a very smart man to see through the hole in that millstone.
"'Colonel Tracy," said I, 'you've been robbed. This is an inside job. Your cashier has got away with this money. If I hadn't been the biggest stiff in the United States I'd have known it long ago, for I shadowed Wright this evening and saw him get out

'Wright?' cried Tracy, dazed. 'It can't possible! And yet it must be. Nobody eise could have got at this safe.' "Of course, it was plain enough to me, but it took a bit of argument to convince him. When he was finally made to see it, I said:

'Colonel, in a certain sense we're all in the same boat. we've been defrauded by the same man. Now here's my proposition. You want your money back. I know where your cashier has gone and you don't. I and my pal can chase and overhaul him and make him give up. We can get at him by tomorrow, whereas it may take the police a month or a year. How much is it worth to you to have

us do it?"
"'Half the money,' exclaimed Tracy, with flashing eyes. 'Bring that rascal back or knock him on the head if you'd rather, and I'll give you \$50,000, and be glad to do it. Not a word about this job, eitner. The un-grateful rascal! Why, I made him. I picked him up when ne hadn't a cent. Get after him. Cause his arrest, and recover the money, and you have my word for what I'll do.' "I'd already told Danny that the cashier

had taken a train for Montreal, and he was wild to get started after him. Of course whether we returned any of the money to Tracy would depend on whether we had to have Wright arrested or could work him alone. I was in favor of working it legitimately, for I was willing to trust to "But here was the rub; both Danny and

I were nearly broke. We hadn't enough to make the chase, for as a matter of fact we needed a special train to make a sure thing of overhauling Wright. I thought the case over for half a minute, and then told the colonel frankly how we were fixed. He went through his pockets and raised \$57. Danny and I between us had about as much. It wasn't enough.

"I asked Tracy if there was any place where he could raise money so late, and he said he might get it at one of the clubs. Danny said he could borrow fifty, perhaps, of a barkeeper that he knew, if the colonel would agree to make good, win or lose. The colonel said he would. Then he suggested that there might be a little in the safe. We'd been so rattled that we hadn't thought of that. So we all went through the safe together, but we didn't raise any except a few dollars in change. We had about decided that Danny should go to his friend, the barkeep, and the colonel to his club, and that the three of us should meet at the Grand Central station, when our deliberations were interrupted by a loud sound of voices at the outer door, which Danny

'It's all right,' said the colonel. 'I recognize their voices. They're friends of mine, and it's a blessing that they've shown up just at this hour. We can borrow the money of them.'

"Danny gisneed uneasily at the safe.
"Shut the cuter door,' said the colonel.
"They'll never suspect anything. Just sit down and make yourselves at home. You're friends of mine, you know, and you've come "He ran to the door, while Danny and I sat down and tried to look as if nothing had happened. I felt comfortable enough, for it's no hardship for me to play the gent, but Danny-well, he has not what you'd call a high society countenance. He looks like a crook, Danny does, I'm sorry to say. I told him to straighten up his necktle and pull down his cuffs, but he didn't have any cuffs, and his necktle wasn't so suitable to his complexion as if it had been made of rope.

"In came the crowd—a lot of jolly fellows—loughing and tolking."

-laughing and talking.
"'Friends of mine,' said the colonel, indicating us, and we got up and shook hands all around.
"'Well, Col. Bob,' said one of the newcomers, when the hand-shaking was over, 'can we get right down to business?'

hundred thousand plunks,' returned the

we got five years for the job, and I in just out. Danny died of heart disease sone after we reached Sing Sing. I suppose he must have got it when the colonel flashed that roll. I did."

And the burgiar laid his hand upon his ample bosom and sighed.

PART IV. The burglar had barely finished his story

when the train which bore the party stopped with an unusual grinding of brakes and rasping of wheels upon the rails. So suddenly, indeed, was the speed arrested that the three criminals who had been riding with their faces to the front-were brought to their feet, and they remained

brought to their feet, and they remained for an instant standing there in line as if they expected the angel of evil deeds to call the roll of them.

"I thought we were all going overboard," said Pinney, glancing out of the window at the waters of the Hudson.

The place was a little to the southward of Yonkers, where the railroad runs for a considerable distance upon an embankment raised but a few feet above the level of the river.

"There's been an accident of some kind."

"There's been an aecident of some kind," said Gleason. "I can hear people shouting ahead of us. Let's go out and see what

ahead of us. Let's go out and see what has happened."

The suggestion was accepted, and the four men hastily left the car. At first their view was blocked by the throngs of people that were pouring-out of the train, and mingling with a much larger number that came down from the bank upon the left. After a brief struggle with the press they came to a spot from which they could they came to a spot from which they could see what had barred the way of their train. An express bound northward had been partially wrecked by the breaking of a wheel under the car immediately follow-ing the tender of the engine. A coupling had parted and the car had been almost demokished by those which came after it. All the tracks were strewn with wreck-age, and the express car had gone into the river, where a corner of its top could be seen above the water. No person had been seriously hurt, but

the rescue of the two men who had gone overboard with the express car had been very near to a miracle.

A telegraph wire had been tapped, and

A telegraph wire had been tapped, and an official of the road was communicating with one of his superiors in New York. The click of the instrument was faintly audible to Newcombe as he stood surveying the scene. Presently Gleason touched him on the shoulder. He turned and saw that his companion's eyes were burning with fierce exercises.

"Do you know what that man is tele-graphing?" demanded Gleason. "No; you're not an operator. Well, I am, and I'll tell you what that sounder says. There's \$80,000 lying there in the river under our eyes." "I don't understand you," said New-

"It was in the express safe," continued Gleason, "and it went overboard with the car. They've sent for wrecking apparatus. and they're going to pull the car out of the river. Now, the question is, can we get that money?" Newcombe was astounded. "How can we get it, with a thousand peo-ple watching us?" demanded the criminol-ogist. "How could we get it, anyhow, while

it's under water and locked up in a safe?" "There's always a way to get money if you want it badly enough," returned Gleason, sententiously.

That was all that he would say on the subject, but he remained for a long time staring down into the water, while he listened to the spasmodic clicking of the staring down into the water, while he listened to the spasmodic clicking of the telegraphic instrument. At last a train with the appropriate wreckage appliances arrived, and, after considerable labor, a great chain was fastened to the express car and chain was fastened to the express car, and it was drawn out of the river. But the safe was not to be found. It had been dislodged by the shock of the plunge, and had passed out through the forward end of the

bottom, and the task of finding it would not be easy.
"They'll have to send for a diver," said

Gleason. "By the Lord Harry, I wonder if I could do it!"
"Do what?" queried Newcombe. Gleason did not immediately reply. He seemed to be engaged in some such mental effort as one makes in trying to remember a name that is on the tip of the tongue at one moment and far away the next. So absorbed was he that when Harris touched him on the shoulder he jumped as if he had been wakened suddenly from sleep. "Bill," he said, dreamily, "I want that

"You can't get it," replied the burglar; but there are a number of articles down the track that you can get. There are two or three baggage cars all smashed to smithereens, and the contents ain't being half looked after. They're just beginning above here."
"Never mind that," said Gleason. "There's

a better game going. Listen to me. You know that I'm a diver. Well, I know another one, and he's as big a rascal as I am. He has an outfit right here in Yonkers, and in two hours I can have it. He won't refuse me anything—he can't. Then I'm going to offer myself to the rallroad company to dive for that safe.

"But you can't open it under water," Harris objected. "Probably not," said Gleason, "but we'll get the money out of it some way. Now, then, Woodbury, I will go and see my diver. You and Pinney stay here and keep eyes and ears open. In about an hour and a half you join us at the longest pier of the three that lie near together about a mile above here. We'll be there with the boat."

Before Newcombe could decide what course he ought to pursue in such ex-ceptional circumstances Gleason had him by the arm and was hurrying him away. For the next half hour he followed the criminal's guidance blindly. His mind was alternately busy with two considera-tions. First, in his character as a student of sinners, he rejoiced in this unrival-ed opportunity for observation. It was a demonstration in crime—an illustrated lecture by a trio of eminent specialists. New-combe could not afford to miss such a great educational treat. Second, as an great educational treat. Second, as an nonest man, he was bound to prevent a crime. But how would that be best done? If, at that early stage of the proceedings, he denounced the thieves, no one would believe his story. It would be regarded as ludicrous. How could these men commit such a gigantic robbery in the presence of thousands? It would be much better to let the consultance progress to a better to let the conspiracy progress to a point near to success before interrupting Therefore, Newcombe attended Gleason

in his visit to the diver, and listened to the negotiations for the boat and appar-atus. As the thief had said, the diver could refuse him nothing. It was evident that Gleason held some disgraceful secret of the other's. Yet the diver refused to take any part in the adventure. "I'll keep out of it," he said. "I'm try-"I'll keep out of it," he said. "I'm try-ing to live on the square now, and this thing is too risky for me. Steal my boat, if you want her, but I don't want to know anything about it."

He then proceeded to give certain neces-

sary directions, and he also furnished the keys of the lockers on the boat in which the diving apparatus was kept. Gleason departed in high spirits. He and Newcombe made the best possible speed for the pier where the boat lay. She was a rude craft, yet well adapted to her work Clear

to her work. Gleason prepared to start the fire under the boiler of a little "donengine which the boat carried. Meanwhile Newcombe went up to the town to buy certain necessary articles which Gleason could not find in the boat's lockers.
While he was gone Harris and Pinney arrived. Gleason had begun to be anx-lous about them, and he was overjoyed

to see them drive down the pier, one on each side of a genial son of Ireland, whose day they seemed to have hired for the occasion. There was something like a big box wrapped rudely in canvas on the dray. Harris and Pinney, with the driver's help, set the box down upon the pier.
"What's that?" asked Gleason, when
the Irishman and his equipage had disap-

peared. "The biggest thing on earth!" cried Har-"'Sure, says the colonel.
"Then the first thing is the money, the great news.

"Where did you get it?" he exclaimed.

hundred thousand plunks,' returned the other man. 'Where are they?'

"'Right here,' remarked the colonel, and he went into the inside pocket of his coat and pulled the money out!

"Mother of Moses, think of it! He'd had that money in his pocket all the time we'd been fussing with that safe, and rigging up plans for chasing the cashier. We'd never thought of going through him; he'd acted so cool when we came near him, and so nervous when we got around to the safe, that he'd fooled us completely.

"When the colonel showed the money his friends jumped on us. It was the signal that they'd agreed upon in the outer room while Tracy was bringing them in. As for me, I never raised a finger. Danny made a little half-hearted fight and then went under.

"We got five years for the job, and I'm just out. Danny died of heart disease soon after we reached Sing Sing. I suppose he lous to get the use of it. The whole mat-ter was arranged between him and Wood-bury before they reached the pier. The criminologist had most shrewdly played the part of agent for the criminals. As the raisway official sailed down to the

As the rai-way official sailed down to the scene of the wreck in the boat, there was no opportunity for the crooks to tell New-combe about their acquisition of the safe. Arrived upon the scene, the railroad man was set ashore. Then Gleason, dressed in the diver's suit, went over the side and dis-

appeared beneath the water.

Harris and Pinney operated the machinery which furnished air to Gleason, while Newcombe was stationed in the bow of the boat, where he drew in or let out the rope by which she was anchored, according to directions given by Harris, who judged of the diver's movements by the action of the air pipe and safety cord.

After about twenty minutes Gleason sig-naled to be drawn up. When his helmet had been removed he held whispered conversations with Harris and Pinney. New-combe could not hear what they said. Had he done so, the events of the day would have shaped themselves differently.

As a matter of fact, Gleason reported that he had found the safe. It was, as they had supposed, identical in pattern with the offe which they had stolen, but, unfortunately, it bore a letter A inscribed for some unknown reason upon its side.
"We have to change our plan," said Gleason, "and this is what we'll do; I'll get ropes around that safe and we'll hoist it up on the side of the boat away from the

shore, and hang it in slings, three or four feet under the water. Then I'll pretend that I can't find it, and as soon as the sun gets low I'll give up the job for the night. We'll tow the safe to some good place and hoist it in." The three men felt that this plan involved less risk than the other, and they wondered why they had not thought of it in the beginning. Gleason went into the wa-

ter again, and in the course of half an hour his design had been accomplished. Newcombe did not know what had been done. He thought that Gleason spoke the truth when he finally announced to the officials on the bank that he could not find the safe, and would have to give up the search for that day.

It happened that the diver's boat, which had been engaged by telegram before Glea-son and his companions had appeared on the scene, arrived at this juncture; so the rallroad and express officers made no at-tempt to urge Gleason to continue the

work. The anchor was hoisted, and the boat slowly moved back toward the prefrom which she had been taken.

Newcombe felt that the adventure was at an end, and be experienced a sense of disappointment. He would rather have seen a successful robbery. Yet he had enjoyed the novel situation, and he felt that he had gleaned much it was now time to say good-bye to his chance acquaintances, for pressing business would claim him on the following day. To keep up the deception which he had practiced upon them would do no good. He resolved to appear in his true character, in order that he might say a few words at parting which would help these miscuided men toward a better life.

words at parting which would help these misguided men toward a better life.

And so, with little preface, he broke the truth to Harris, Gleason and Pinney as soon as the boat had started for her pier. The surprise of the three men could be imagined. They listened to his story and to his exhor-tation in a sort of trance, which seemed to him to be very respectful and encourag-"Mr. Newcombe," said Gleason at last, "I

'Impossible!" cried the criminologist "Yet true," said Gleason, and he displayed to Newcombe's wondering eyes the safe that

had come out of the baggage car and had been set into the boat's cabin. "And now." Gleason continued, "let me car like an enormous cannon ball. Un-doubtedly it lay in the mud of the river prove that our repentance is sincere. Al-though we might easily overpower you and continue in our wicked way, we prefer to take your advice and undo what we have done. Mr. Newcombe, will you help us? Will you restore this safe to its rightful

And will you plead for us with them?" "I will," cried Newcombe, promptly No sooner had the boat reached her pier than Newcombe rushed off for a dray in which the safe could be carried back to the place of the wreck. The safe was put on the dray, and Newcombe took the reins. It was agreed that the three crooks should wait for Newcombe's return, with such an-

swer as the railroad men might make to Great was the sensation when Newcombe appeared with the dray and the safe at the scene of the wreck. The divers had just announced that the safe was not on the river bottom, and suspicion had begun to dawn upon the blue-coated officials of the line. smiling agreeably, sat upon the driver's

seat of the dray "I return to you your treasure quite unharmed," he said. "I desire no thanks, only mercy."
"The man is crazy!" exclaimed one of the

officers. "This is not the right safe. Why, it hasn't been wet. And, besides, where is the letter A?" "Nevertheless, this is the safe," said Newombe, with so much calmness that he im pressed all his hearers. 'Open it and be convinced. But first tell me what was in the other safe." "Nothing but the package of money,

said one of the men. "All the papers and books were in another car. As he spoke he worked the combination As he spoke he worked the combination of the lock, and, being an expert in that matter, he soon succeeded in opening the safe. Throwing back the doors, he plunged in his hand and drew forth a sealed package. He broke the seal and drew forth eighty one-thousand-dollar bills!

"It's all right," he said. "This must be the safe But how you got it, and here the safe. But how you got it, and how I know. You will have to explain that to

"Willingly," said Newcombe, and he sub mitted to arrest. At that moment Harris, Gleason and Pinney stood with staring eyes before empty safe that stood open in the cabin of the diver's boat. "We're dished!" said Gleason. "But how

"Woodbury has done it," responded Pin-



We're dished," said Gleason,

knew when my eye first lighted on his facthat he was a confidence man. "Well, I suppose there's nothing to de but skip," growled Harris.

The others muttered assent, and un mooring the boat they safled across river, and vanished into the wilds of New Jersev.

Newcombe endured a captivity of about ten days, at the end of which time the mystery of the whole affair was explained and Newcombe was vindicated. But he had lost a pound of flesh a day and was really far from well.

The mystery of the transference of the money from one safe to the other was black and deep for many days, but at last it was clucidated. The safe had been robbed by a dishonest express agent in the depot in New York. Fearing to keep his plunder with him he had concealed it in the other safe, which was being shipped to an express agent in Albany, a friend whom the thief could trust, and with whom he had often divided the proceeds of robberies. The scheme would undoubtedly have succeeded but for the strange charge by ris. "It's a safe of the regular express pattern, undoubtedly an exact model of the one in the river."

Gleason was positively dazed by this returning the \$30,000 to its rightful custodians.

(The end.)